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PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY
BY JOHN JOHNSON AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
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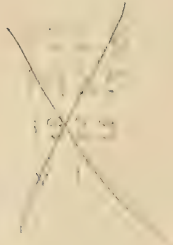
THE BLIND BEGGAR
OF ALEXANDRIA
BY
GEORGE CHAPMAN
1598

FE
3447
EA
1939

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THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1928

WITHDRAWN

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This reprint of *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor with the assistance of the President.

Jan. 1929.

W. W. Greg.

Printed in Great Britain

The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry concerning the present play:

15 Augusti [1598] . . .

Entred for his Copie vnder the hand of bothe the wardens, a booke intituled, The blynde begger of Alexandria. / vppon Condiçon thatt yt belonge to noe other man

W^m Jones/

vj^d

[Register C, fol. 40^b.]

The date given is that of the previous entry, which stands at the foot of the preceding page, and it is not quite certain whether it applies to the present entry or not. The next entry is headed 'xix^o Augusti'. In pursuance of this entry William Jones issued his edition of the play dated the same year. It is a quarto printed in roman type of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 82-4 mm.). The absence of all ornament except a small block at the end has made it impossible to identify the printer: all that can be said at present is that the book seems to have come from the same press as Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, which was published, also by Jones, in 1597. There are two copies of the quarto in the British Museum (C. 34. c. 11 and C. 12. g. 4¹), two in the Bodleian Library (one lacking the last three leaves), and a very fine one in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington. The Huntington Library in California has a copy, and two others were in American private collections now dispersed.

The title-page states that the piece had been 'sundry times publickly acted in London, by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall his seruantes'. This is confirmed by the records of the company's performances preserved in Henslowe's diary. It was produced at the Rose on 12 February 1595/6 as a new play, and in a little over a year ran to twenty-two performances; while

payments for properties point to a revival in May or June 1601 at the Fortune.

The title-page further attributes the play to George Chapman, and it is the earliest play which there is any really considerable evidence for ascribing to him. The attribution has not been questioned and there is no ground for doing so, in spite of the fact that literary critics have been able to discover in it little definite trace of Chapman's authorship, for there is reason to suppose that the play has not come down to us in anything like the state in which it left the author's hand. The text as reprinted here runs to 1612 lines only, the equivalent of 1600 verse lines in Parrott's edition. While the comic part appears to be fully preserved and may even have been amplified, the serious romantic story is so mutilated as to be partly unintelligible, and its outlines can only be conjecturally restored. It is admittedly cut, and it has been argued that 'the careful stage-directions' point to the use of a stage manuscript as copy. But the directions are no more than what might be supplied from memory of a performance, and the suggestion that a stage version emanating from a company of premier rank could ever have left the play in the chaotic state in which it has reached us, is one that should be entertained with caution. It is more likely that, in spite of its apparently regular publication, the piece if not surreptitiously obtained had at least had a somewhat irregular history.

The present reprint is based on the perfect copy in the Bodleian Library, but the irregularities noticed therein have been checked with the four other English copies mentioned. The variations observed are trifling.

There is in the Bodleian Library a commonplace-book (Sum. Cat. MSS. 30049 : Eng. Poet. d. 3) written apparently

between 1600 and 1615 by one Edward Pudsey. The contents suggest that he may have been a young lawyer, and he may also have been the Edward Pudsey who is known as an actor in Germany in 1626. Among the contents are Temple jests, and extracts from Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, the essays of Sir William Cornwallis and Robert Johnson, and likewise from several plays. Incidentally it is worth mentioning that *Jack Drum's Entertainment* is ascribed to Marston. While the extracts, to judge by those from Shakespeare, as a rule follow the printed texts fairly closely, it is clear that the writer is sometimes content to paraphrase. In this manuscript, folio 41^a is headed 'Pl. Shakesp. Ioh.' and contains extracts successively from *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, and *Every Man out of his Humour*. To the first and last the author's name is appended. The second is not quoted under its proper title, the heading being 'Irus', which, of course, is the name of the blind beggar. The extracts from it are written continuously for the most part, but contain six distinct fragments, of which the first five occur in order in the printed text of our play. Since Pudsey seems to have known the piece by the title *Irus*, was apparently unaware of Chapman's authorship, and quoted a passage which cannot be identified, it would seem likely that he drew upon some source, whether oral, manuscript, or print, other than the text now extant, and possibly representing a fuller version of the play. On the other hand the agreement in the spelling 'pounggranet' (though not a very rare one) is perhaps suspicious. The extracts were first printed in 1888 by R. Savage ('Stratford upon Avon Notebooks', no. 1), who supposed *Irus* to be a lost play of Shakespeare's. Their source was identified by P. A. Daniel the same year (*The Academy*, 6 Oct.). The following is an

exact copy of the extracts in question, the only addition being the reference numbers to the passages appended from the text of 1598.

Irus

humor ¹ The faulte of many are bueried in their humour. ² To drinke
Drinke to one is meant what health the wyne doth worke, shalbe empl=
ing to oyde to their comānd & pp vse. this y^e first intent of drinking to one.

one ³ Yo^r hart is great^r then yo^r pson. ⁴ Dearer thē y^e poung Janet of my ey.

“ ⁵ Coming out of his moueables

Ang^r. ⁶ An angry man ys lyke one that is troubled wth y^e gowt so tender
that he crye^s out before hee bee toucht.

¹ ll. 334-5 : And so such faultes as I of purpose doe,
Is buried in my humor . . .

² ll. 586-90 : When I doe say I drinke this loue to you,
I meane I drinke this to your proper good,
As if I sayde what health this wine doth worke in mee,
Shalbe imploied for you at your commande & to your proper vse
And this was first thentent of drinking to you.

³ ll. 847-8 : your hart is greater then your parson farre . . .

⁴ l. 1140 : dearer then the Poung Janet of mine eye, . . .

⁵ ll. 1193-5 : you should haue met my Lord comming out of *Leons* house and
out of his moueables [*apparently* = chattel, woman].

⁶ Not traced. The fact that this extract is not written continuously with the
preceding suggests a slight doubt whether it is from the same source, although
it appears under the same heading. The ink is the same as that of the marginal
notes, but differs from that of the earlier extracts.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

Though the press work of this play is good and there are few doubtful readings, the composition is unusually bad. It is evident that many individual words must be misprinted: at the same time the extensive general corruption of the text makes their detection and correction difficult. Editors have introduced a number of emendations, which will be found recorded in Parrott's notes, but need not be repeated here. There is also frequent confusion between 'n' and 'u' both in roman and italic, sometimes but not always due to turned letters. Worst of all is the punctuation. Not only is defective or erroneous pointing within the sentence common, but the compositor seems almost indifferent as to whether he puts a full stop or a comma at the end, or leaves it out altogether. Pains have been taken to make the reprint conform accurately to the original in this respect, but so frequent are the errors of punctuation that it has been thought unnecessary as a rule to record them in this list. The copies examined are B.M.¹ (C. 34. c. 11), B.M.² (C. 12. g. 4¹), Bodl.¹ (Mal. 240), Bodl.² (Mal. 163, impf.), Dyce.

t.p. *London.*

18 Pego-

38 wiſdomes

39 willt

40 clofe-

56 off,

57 yonr

91 eathlye

110 ftature

123 *Leon.*

132 Samaphis,

141 towue,

153 themfo

long, (*comma doubtful*)

161 *Mem.* (also 164, 174, 183)

175 leane (*original leane*)

178 vs in

180 maſtrs

196 alone

197 camewhere

204 then

228 beateuous

278 ribceft

294 ronnd, (*original ronnd,*)

297 hapieeft

305 beftowe

317 we

320 farewell

338 which

frencie

344 *Aleantiſthenes*

397 diſpoſiton

407 thorow

414-5 to the to the

435 lee (cf. c.w.)

436 âre

448 *Count.*

460 *Count.*

- 469 apipe
 496 fofaken
 499 hignesse
 507 cealeffe
 514 Leon.,
 The
 525 where
 532 pur fued,
 539 *Pfamatthis*,
 553 a crosse,
 573 batchlers
 596 *aud*
 648 *sonnd*,
 656 wifeher
 660 Ladeis
 700 yout
 717 thousand
 718 safely,
 (my statute (*belongs to 717*)
 765 gracious
 766 Coont.
 770 without
 787 was
 807 sufficient (*possibly sufficeient*)
 828 Bnt
 829 *Antistenes*,, (the second comma
 may be accidental)
 837 *Euge*.
 858 hufbaud
 864 becaufe
 885 your^tLadisshippe, (*the turned*
 comma may be accidental)
 889 VVhich
 892 fingers
 894 *Andromica*,
 906 *Sa*. (original *Sa*)
 911 and
 c.w. VVell
 917 mygood
 cupid
 926 sweetefoule
 928 tirrrannisde.
 945 Butvertues
 969 and
 981 thought. (in any case (*it is*
 doubtful to which line the last
 three words are intended to
 belong)
 1011 *wiuh*
 1016 bc,
 1025 *Cou*. (original *Cou*.)
 1035 bnt
 1044 Ilike
 1059 *Connt*.
 1065 stunckefort
 1068 excreable
 1079 knane
 1087 diones
 1094 in voking
 1103 woman
 thous
 1118 withyou,
 1157 proud. (*point doubtful*)
 1159 *Cuunt*.
 1170 *Count*.
 1177 thee. (*original thee*.)
 1190 *aud*
 1194 honse (*original honse*)
 1200 dshonor
 1201 c.w. Doe
 1206 mnsicke. (*original mnsicke*.)
 1238 *ensigue*.
 1253 Aud
 afreind
 1270 c.w. *Enetr*
 1279 *kilshim*.
 1283 tovnknowne
 1284 def ert
 1289 loue (*possibly lou e*)
 1296 murmerrng

1304 muft (<i>Dyce</i> muft: <i>rest</i> mnft)	1485 <i>Cean.</i>
1318 rufht	1491 vnto
1352 <i>Euras</i>	1507 men, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)
1374 mimphick	1512 besides (<i>first e broken and doubtful</i>)
1382 mischeiefes	1536 Shall (<i>original</i> Shall)
1394 (prefix omitted: <i>Leon</i> speaks)	1539 VVithall
1427 <i>A larum</i> (original <i>A larum</i> but there is clearly a space)	1543 be
1435 perfumption	1553 <i>Po-</i>
1469 feazd	

Parrott remarks that B.M.¹ 'shows a few trifling differences from the others, which I have pointed out in the notes'. But the only variation his notes record is in l. 91, in which he quotes the Bodleian copies as reading 'eathlye' and the Museum copies 'earthlye'. This is an error: the misprint is in all five copies examined. The only actual variants observed are (i) that in l. 1304, (ii) in the catchword on C4^v (l. 800) from which the final 'r' has dropped out in B.M.¹, Bodl.¹, and Dyce, and (iii) the headline (running-title) on F2^v where B.M.¹ has 'egg er' instead of 'Begger', the type having worked loose and the 'B' fallen out.

There is also systematic irregularity in the head-lines, which appear in the following forms in each sheet:

1 ^v , 3 ^v : <i>The blinde Begger.</i>	1 ^r , 2 ^r : <i>Of Alexandria.</i>
2 ^v , 4 ^v : <i>The Blinde Begger</i>	3 ^r , 4 ^r : <i>of Alexandria.</i>

Thus, as regards the verso half, the two outer-forme pages agree with one another, and so do the two inner-forme pages; while, as regards the recto half, the outer-forme pages differ from one another, each agreeing with one inner-forme page. It is evident, therefore, that the running-title was kept standing throughout in the forms, the pages for each sheet being fitted to it. Towards the end the verso half began to work loose: we have the accident already noticed on F2^v, while on F3^v there is little if any space between 'blinde' and 'Begger'.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

AEGIALE, Queen of Egypt.	EURIBATES	} courtiers.
IANTHE, her maid.	CLEARCHUS	
Duke CLEANTHES, also appearing as	two Lords.	
IRUS, a blind beggar,	JAQUINE, maid to Samathis.	
Count HERMES, and	PTOLEMY, King of Egypt.	
LEON, a usurer.	DORICLES, Prince of Arcadia.	
PEGO, his brother(?), also appearing as	ASPASIA, daughter of Ptolemy and	
The Burgomaster of Alexandria.	Aegiale.	
ELIMINE	ANTISTENES, a lord.	
SAMATHIS	two Guards.	
MARTIA	PORUS, King of Ethiopia.	
MENIPPUS	RHESUS, King of Arabia.	
POLLIDOR	BION, King of Phasiaca.	
DRUSO	BEBRITUS, King of Bebritia.	
BRAGADINO, a Spaniard.	a Messenger to Ptolemy.	
a Herald.	two Messengers to Leon.	

Two Councillors; Lords; another maid to Samathis; EUPHROSYNE, maid to Aspasia (?); soldiers.

The name Samathis appears in l. 132 as 'Samaphis' and in l. 539 as 'Psamathis'. Martia enters at l. 1530 'with a child', but this is an error for 'with child' (as in l. 1459), as appears from l. 1540. In sc. i (ll. 132-87) the prefix for Menippus is consistently given (four times) as 'Mem.': his only other appearance is in sc. vii (ll. 1190-204) where the prefix is 'Me.' In sc. iv one speech has the prefix 'Gen.' (l. 736), another 'Euge.' (l. 837): Parrott plausibly suggests that the former stands for 'Gentleman' and the latter for 'Eu. Ge.', i. e. 'Euribates, Gentleman', and that both speeches belong to Euribates. Presumably 'Euge.' resulted from an attempt to substitute 'Eu.' for 'Ge.' In l. 1353 'Cl.' apparently stands for Clearchus, who may be supposed to have entered with Ptolemy at l. 1322. Aspasia enters in sc. iv (l. 647) but goes off at l. 662 without speaking. Her only other appearance is in sc. ix (l. 1264 ff.). Ianthe appears in scs. i and iv, and is addressed but does not speak: her only speech is in sc. iii (ll. 501 ff.). Euphrosyne, who appears with her in sc. iv, is evidently another attendant either on the Queen or Aspasia; she too apparently goes off at l. 662 without speaking, for the prefix 'Eu.' at l. 790 clearly refers to Euribates.

Four collotype plates from pages of the Dyce copy precede the present reprint.

THE BLINDE
begger of Alexan-
dria, most pleasantly discour-
sing his variable humours
in disguised shapes full of
conceits and pleasure.

As it hath beene sundry times
publickly acted in London.
by the right honorable the Earle
of Nottingham, Lord high Ad-
mirall his seruantes.

By George Chapman: Gentleman.

Imprinted at London for William
Iones, dwelling at the signe of the
Gun, neere Holburne Conduict,
1598.

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Enter Queene *Aegiale*, *Tarthe*
her maid two counsellers.

Aegiale.

L Eaue me a while my Lordes and waite for me,
At the blacke fountayne, by *Ofris* groue,
Ile walke alone to holy *Irus* caue,
Talking a little while with him and then returne.
Exeunt omnes. Manet Aegiale.

Tarthe begone.

Now *Irus* Let thy mindes eternall eye,
Extend the vertue of it past the Sunne.
Ah my *Cleanthes* where art thou become,
But since I saued thy guiltlesse life from death,
And turnd it onely into banishment,
Forgiue me loue, mee pittie comfort mee.

Enter Irus the Begger with Pego.

Pego. Maister.

Irus. *Pego*-

Pego. V Vipe your eyes and you had them.

Irus. V Why *Pego*,

Pego. The Queene is here to see your blindnes.

Irus. Her Maiestie is wel come, Heauens preserue,
And send her highnes an immortall rayne.

Agi. Thankes reuerent *Irus* for thy gentle prayer,
Dismiss thy man a while and I will lead thee,
For I haue waightie secretes to impart.

Pego. Would I were blind that she might lead mee. *Exit.*

Agi. *Irus* thy skill to tell the driftes of fate,
Our fortunes and thinges hid from sensuall eyes,
Hath sent mee to thee for aduertisement.

V Where Duke *Cleanthes* liues that was exile,

A 2.

This

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The blinde Begger.

And next night this wife must doe the like.

Now will I woe the other as the *Count*.

V Which if she graunt and they do breake their troth,
Ile make my selfe a cuckolde twixt them both. *Exit.*

Drufo. Ile follow him vntill he take the earth, and then ile
leauē him. *Exit.*

Enter Samathis alone.

Sa. Now if my husband be not all alone,
He is from home and hath left me alone,
So I must learne to lie, as children goe,
All alone, all alone, which lesson now. (child
I am able to beare a childe is worse to me then when I was a
The morall this strength without a health a disaduantage is.

Enter Drufo.

Mistris what will you say if I can tel you where my maister is,

Sa. V Where *Drufo* I pray thee.

Dru. Euen close with the young countesse I fayth.

Sa. Out on her strumpet doth she bragge so much,
Of her great *Count*, and glad to take my husband
Hence comes her head tyres and her fayre gownes,
Her trayne borne vp and a man bare before her,
V Was this my fortune that should be so good,
I fayth you begger you, you old false knaue,
You holy villaine you propheticke assle,
Know you noe better what shall come to passe,
Ile be reuenged I fayth, I fayth Ile be reuenged. *Exit.*

Enter Aegiale with the garde

Aegi. Oh *Irus* shall thy long approued skill,
Fayle in my fortunes onely, when shall I meete,
V With my *Cleanthes* what a worlde of tyme,
Is it for me to lie as in a sounde,
V Without my life *Cleanthes*, can it be,
That I shall euer entertayne agayne,
Hauing the habit of colde death in me,
My life *Cleanthes*.

Comme

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of Alexandria.

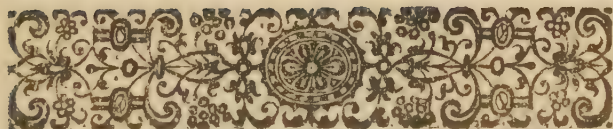
Sa. Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and louely youth allures my choyse,
And thee most beautionous *Bion* I affecte.

Rhe. Haplesse is *Rhesus*.

Bebri. Accurst *Bebritius*.

Cle. Haue patience gentle Lordes I will prouide,
Other *Egyptian* Ladies for your turne,
So will we lioke in perfit league of loue,
So shall the victorie you lost to me,
Set double glorie on your conquered heades.
So let vs goe to frolicke in our Court.
Carousing free whole boules of greekish wine,
In honor of the conquest we haue made.
That at our banquet all the Gods may tend,
Piauding our victorie and this happie end, *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



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THE BLINDE begger of Alexan-

dria, most pleasantly discour-

sing his variable humours

in disguised shapes full of

conceits and pleasure.

As it hath bene fundry times

publickly acted in London.

by the right honorable the Earle

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By George Chapman : Gentleman.

Imprinted at London for William

Iones, dwelling at the signe of the

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1598.

Enter Queene *Aegiale*, *Ianthé* Sc. i
her maid two counfelters.

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Talking a little while with him and then returne.

Exeunt omnes. Manet Aegiale.

Ianthé begone.

Now *Irus* Let thy mindes eternall eye,
Extend the vertue of it past the Sunne. 10
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But since I faued thy guiltlesse life from death,
And turnd it onely into banishment,
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Pego. Maister.

Irus. Pego-

Pego. VVipe your eyes and you had them.

Irus. VVhy *Pego.* 20

Pego. The Queene is here to see your blindnes.

Irus. Her Maiestie is wel come, Heauens preferue,
And send her highnes an immortall rayne.

Ægi. Thankes reuerent *Irus* for thy gentle prayer,
Dismiss thy man a while and I will lead thee,
For I haue waightie secretes to impart.

Pego. Would I were blind that the might lead mee. *Exit.*

Ægi. *Irus* thy skill to tell the driftes of fate,
Our fortunes and thinges hid from sensuall eyes,
Hath sent mee to thee for aduertisement. 30
VVhere Duke *Cleanthes* liues that was exile,

A 2.

This

The Blinde Begger

This kingdome for attempting mee with loue,
And offering stayne to *Aegipts* royall bed.

Irus. I hope your maiestie will pardon mee,
If Conscience make me vtter what I thinke,
Of that hye loue affayres twixt him and you.

Aegi. I will sweete *Irus* being well assur'd,
That whatsoeuer thy sharpe wisdomes fees,
In my sad frailtie thou wilt haue regard,
To my estate and name and keepe it close-

40

Irus. Of that your highnes may be well assurde,
Then I am bound madam to tell you this,
That you your selfe did seeke *Cleantes* loue,
And to aspire it, made away his Dutches,
VVhich he well knowing and affecting her,
Deare as his life denyed to satisfie,
That kindenesse offered twixt your selfe and him,
Therefore did you in rage informe the Duke,
He sought your loue, and so he banisht him.

Aegi. To true it is graue *Irus* thou hast tould,
But for my loues sake which not Gods can rule,
Strike me no more of that wound yet too greene,
But onely tell me where *Cleantes* is,
That I may follow him in some disguise,
And make him recompence for all his wrong.

50

Irus *Cleantes* is about this Cittie off,
VVith whom your maiestie shall meete ere long:
And speake with him, if you will vse such meanes,
As you may vse for his discouery.

Aegi. VVhat shall I vse then what is in my power,
I will not vse for his discouery,
Ile bind the winges of loue vnto myne armes,
And like a Eagle prying for her pray,
VVill ouerlooke the earthes round face for him,
VVere this sufficient.

60

Or I will Moorelike learne to swimme and diue,
Into the bottome of the Sea for him,

Leaft

of *Alexandria*.

Least beeing the sonne of *Aegypt* and now fet,
Thetis in rage with loue would rauish him.
VVere this sufficient.

70

Irus. But Maddam this must be the likliest meane
To seeke him out, and haue him at your will
Let his true picture through your land be sent.
Opposing great rewardes to him that findes him,
And threaten death to them that succour him,
So Ile assure your grace shall meete with him eare long.

Aegi Happie and blest be *Irus* for his skill
He sweetely plantes in my contentious mind,
For which most reuerent and religious man,
I giue this Iewell to thee richly worth.
A kentall or an hundreth waight of gold,
Bestow it as thou list on some good worke,
For well I know thou nothing doost referue,
Of all thy riches men bestow on thee,
But wouldst thou leaue this place and poore mans life,
The count of *Aegypt* should imbrace thy feete,
And *Toples* honors be bestowed on thee,

80

Irus. I thanke your highnes for thus rayfing mee,
But in this barrenesse I am most renound.
For wisdome and the sight of heauenly thinges,
Shines not so cleare as eathlye vanities.

90

Aegi. Most rich is *Irus* in his pouertie
Oh that to finde his skill my crowne were lost.
None but poore *Irus* can of riches boast,
Now my *Cleanthes* I will straight aduance
Thy louely pictures on each monument
About the Cittie and within the land.
Proposing twise fise thousand Crownes to him,
That findes him to be tendered by my handes,
And a kind kisse at my imperiall lipes,
To him that succours him, Ile threaten death,
But he that doth not threaten him shall die,
For who is worthy, life will see him want.

100

A 3.

To

The blinde Begger.

To all his pictures when they be disperst.
VVill I continuall pilgrimages make,
As to the faintes and Idols I adore,
VVhere I will offer fighes, and vowes, and teares.
And sacrifice a hecatombe of beast,
On feuerall alters built where they are plast,
By them shal *Isis* stature gently stand,
And Ile pretend my Iealous rites to her
But my *Cleanthes* shall the obiect bee,
And I will kneele and pray to none but he. *Exit.*

110

Irus. See Earth and Heauen where her *Cleanthes* is,
I am *Cleanthes* and blind *Irus* too,
And more then these, as you shall soone perceauē,
Yet but a shepheardes sonne at *Memphis* borne,
And I will tell you how I got that name,
My Father was a fortune teller and from him I learnt his art,
And knowing to grow great, was to grow riche,
Such mony as I got by palmestrie,
I put to vse and by that meanes became
To take the shape of *Leon.* by which name,
I am well knowne a wealthie Vsurer,
And more then this I am two noble men,
Count Hermes is another of my names,
And Duke *Cleanthes* whom the Queene so loues,
For till the time that I may claime the crowne,
I meane to spend my tyme in sportes of loue,
VVhich in the sequell you shal playnely see,
And Ioy I hope in this my pollicie.

120

130

Enter Pego, Elimine, Samaphis, and Martia with there men
Menippus, Pollidor, and Druso.

Pego. Oh maister heere comes the three wenches now
strike it deade for a fortune.

Irus. These are the nymphes of *Alexandria.*
So called because there beauties are so rare.
VVith two of them at once am I in loue

Deepely

of *Alexandria*.

Deepely and Equally the third of them,
 My filly brother heere asmuch affectes, 140
 VVhom I haue made the Burgomaister of this rich towue,
 VVith the great wealth, I haue bestowed on him,
 All three are maides kept passing warilye, (vferer
 Yet lately beeing at their Fathers house as I was *Leon* the rich
 I fell in loue with them, and there my brother too,
 This fitly chaunceth that they haue liberty,
 To visit me alone: now will I tell their fortunes so,
 As may make way to both their loues at once,
 The one as I am *Leon* the rich vferer,
 The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*, 150
 And do the best too, for my brothers loue,

Pe. Thanks good maister brother, but what are they that
 Talke with themso long, are they wooers trow,
 I do not like it, would they would come neare.

Irus. O those are three seruantes that attend on them,
 Let them alone, let them talke a while.

Eli. Tell vs *Menippus*, *Druso*, and *Polydor*,
 VVhy all our parentes gaue you three such charge,
 To waite on vs and ouer see vs still, 160
 VVhat do they feare, thinke you that we would do.

Mem. There feare is least you should accompanie,
 Such as loue wanton talke, and dalliance,

Eli. VVhy what is wanton talke.

Mem. To tell you that were to offend our selues,
 And those that haue forbidden you should heare it.

Sa. VVhy what is dalliance fayer my seruant then,

Dru. You must not know because you must not dally,

Sa. How say you by that, well do you keepe it from
 vs, as much as you can, weele desire it neuerlesse I can tell ye, 170

Mar. Lord what straite keepers of poore maides are you, 170
 You are so chaste you are the worse agayne.

Eli. Pray you good seruantes will you do vs the seruice,
 To leaue vs alone a while.

Mem. VVe are commaunded not to be from you,

A 4.

And

The Blinde Begger

And therefore to leane you alone,
Were to wrong the trust your parentes put in vs.

Ma. I cry you mercy sir, yet do not stand all on the
Trust our parentes puts in you, but put vs in a litell to I

Sa. Trust vs good seruantes by our selues awhile. (pray.

Dru. Lets my mastrs and you say the woord, 180
Theyle but to *Irus* for to know theire fortunes,
And hees a holy man all *Egypt* knowes.

Mem. Stay not to long, then mistris and content,

Eli. Thats my good seruant we will straight returne.

Po. And you mistris.

Mar. And I trustie seruant.

Po. Faith then Ile venter my charge among the rest. *Exeunt*

Mar. A mightie venture you shall be cronicled in *Abra-*
Catalog of cockscornes for your resolution. (*hams asses,*

Eli. Now the great foole take them all who could haue, 190
Pickt out three such liuelesse puppies,
Neuer to venter on their mistrisses. (haue offices,

Sa. One may see by them it is not meete choise men should

Mar. A prettie morrall work it in the samplar of your hart,

Eli. But are we by our selues.

Mar. I thinke so vnlesse you haue alone in your belly.

Eli. Not I God knowes I neuer camewhere they grew yet,
Since we are alone lets talke a little merrily, (is
Mee thinkes I long to know what wanton talke and dalliance

Sa. Ile lay my life tis that my mother vses when she and o- 200
Do beginne to talke and that she sayes to me mayde, (thers,
Get ye hence fall to your needle: what a mayd and Idle.

Ma. A mayd and Idle why maydes must be Idle but not an

Sa. then do not name it for I feare tis naught. (other thing.
For yesterday I hard *Menippus* as he was talking, (ber doore,
VVith my mothers maide and I stoode harkning at the cham-
Sayde that, with that woord a mayd was got with childe.

Eli. How with the very woord.

Sa. I meane with that the woord seemes to expresse.

Mar. Nay if you be so fine you will not name it now, 210

VVe

Of Alexandria.

VVe are all alone, you are much too nice.

Eli. VVhy let her chuse, let vs two name it,

Mar. Do then *Elimine*.

Eli. Nay doe you *Martia*.

Mar. VVhy woman I dare.

Eli. Do then I warrant thee.

Mar. Ile warrant my selfe if I list, but come let it alone,
Let vs to *Irus* for our fortunes.

Eli. God faue graue *Irus*.

Irus. VVelcome beautilous Nymphes.

220

Sa. How know you *Irus* we are beautifull and cannot see.

Irus. *Homer* was blinde yet could he best discerne,
The shapes of euery thing and so may I,

Eli. Indeede wee heare your skill can beautifie,
Beautie it selfe, and teach dames how to decke,
Their heades and bodies fittest to their formes,
To their complexions and their countenances.

Ir. So can I beateuous Nimphes, and make all eyes,
Sparkle with loue fire from your excellence.

Eli. How thinke you we are tyred to tempte mens lookes, 230
Beeing thus Nimphlike is it not too strange,

Irus. It is the better so it doth become.
But that I may disclose to you your fortunes
Tell me first *Pego* their true faces formes.

Pe. Mary fir this that speakes to you has a face thinne like
vnto water grewell, but yet it would do your hart good if you

Irus. I know and see it better then thy selfe, (could see it
The blaze whereof doth turne me to a fyre.
Burning mine Intrailes with a strong desire.

Eli. VVhy turnst thou from vs *Irus* tell my fortune.

240

Irus. I wonder at the glorie it presentes,
To my soules health that sees vppon your heade,
A coronet, and at your gracious seete,
Nobles and princes in their highest state,
VVhich state shal crowne your fortune eare you die,
And eare the hart of Heauen, the glorious sunne,
Shall quench his rosiat fires within the west.

B.

You

The blinde Begger.

You shall a husband haue noble and rich.

Sa. Happie *Elimine*, oh that I myght too.

Eli. Thankes for this newes good *Irus* but disclose, 250
The meanes to this, if it be possible.

Irus. VVhen you come home ascend your Fathers tower
If you see a man come walking by,
And looking vp to you, descend,
And Issue, for you shall haue leaue,
And if he woe, you chuse him from the world,
Though he seeme humorous and want an eye,
VVearing a veluet patch vpon the same,
Chuse him your husband, and be blest in him,

Eli. Ile doe as thou aduiseest gentle *Irus*, 260
And prouing this Ile loue thee whilst I liue.

Sa. My fortune now sweete *Irus*.

Irus. VVhat face hath this Nymph *Pego*.

Pego. Mary sir a face made in forme like the ace of hartes.

Irus. And well compard for she commaundes all hartes,
Equall in beautie with that other Nymph,
And equally she burnes my hart with loue,

Sa. Say, say sweete *Irus* what my fortune is,
Thou turnst from me, as when thou didest admire,
The happie fortune of *Elimine*. 270

Irus. So might I well, admiring yours no lesse.
Then when the light cround monarch of the hea-
Shal quench his fire within the Oceans brest (uens
Rise you and to your fathers garden hie,
There in an arbour doe a banquet set,
And if there come a man that of him selfe,
Sits downe and bids you welcome to your feast,
Accept him for he is the richest man,
That *Alexandria* or *Ægypt* hath,
And soone possessing him with all his wealth, 280
In little tyme you shall be rid of him,
Making your seconde choyse mongst mightie kinges.

Sa. Blest be thy lippes sweete *Irus*, and that light,
That guides thy bosome with such deepe fore sight,

Sleepe

Of Alexandria.

Sleepe shall not make a closet for these eyes,
All this succeeding night for hast to rise.

Ma. My fortune now sweete *Irus*, but I fayth,
I haue some wrong to be the last of all,
For I am olde as they, and big enough,
To beare as great a fortune as the best of them,

290

Irus. VVhat face hath this Nymph *Pego*.

Pego. Oh maister what face hath she not, if I should beg a
face I would haue her face.

Irus. But is it round, and hath it neare a blemmish,
A mouth to wide a looke too impudent.

Pego. Oh mayster tis without all these, and without al crie.

Irus. Round faces and thinne skinde are hapicest still.

And vnto you fayre Nymph.

Shall fortune be exceeding gracious too,
VVhen the next morning therefore you shal rise,
Put in your bosome rosemary time and rue.

300

And presently stand at your fathers doore,
He that shall come offering kindenesse there,
And craue for fauour those same holosome hearbes,
bestowe them on him, and if meeting him,
He keepe the nuptiall Rosemary and time,
And tread the bitter rue beneath his feete,
Chuse him your husband and be blest in him.

Ma. I wil sweete *Irus* nothing greeues me now,
But that *Elimine* this nyght shall haue,
Her happie husband, and I stay till morning.

310

Eli. Nought greeues me *Irus* but that we are maides.
Kept short of all thinges and haue nought to giue thee,
But take our loues and in the wished prooffe,
Of these high fortunes thou foretellest vs.
Nothing we haue shall bee to deare for thee.

Sa. we that are sisters *Irus* by our vow,
VVill be of one selfe blood and thankfull minde,
To adore so cleare a sight in one so blinde.

exeunt.

Irus. farewell most beautious Nymphes your loues to mee. 320
Shall more then gold or any treasure bee, (sport beginne,
Now to my wardroppe for my veluet gowne, now doth the

The Blinde Begger

Come gird this pistole closely to my side,
By which I make men feare my humor still,
And haue slayne two or three as twere my
VVhen I haue done it most aduisedly (mood
To rid them as they were my heauie foes,
Now am I knowne to be the mad braine *Count*,
VVhose humours twise, fise summers I haue held,
And sayde at first I came from stately *Rome*, 330
Calling my selfe *Count Hermes* and assuming
The humour of a wild and franticke man,
Carelesse of what I say or what I doe,
And so such faultes as I of purpose doe,
Is buried in my humor and this gowne I weare,
In rayne or snowe or in the hottest sommer,
And neuer goe nor ride without a gowne,
which humor doth not fit my frencie wel,
But hides my persons forme from beeing knowne,
VVhen I *Cleanthes* am to be discried, 340

Enter Pego like a Burgomaister.

Pego. How now maister brother.

Ir. Oh sir you are very well suted. Now M. Burgomaister.
I pray you remember to seaze on all *Aleantisthenes* his goods
His landes and cattels to my propper vse,
As I am *Leon* the rich vsurer.
The sunne is downe and all is forfeited.

Pego. It shalbe doone my noble *Count*.

Ir. And withal sir I pray you forget not your loue,
To morrow morning at her fathers doore. 350

Pego. Ah my good *Count* I cannot that forget,
For still to keepe my memorie in order,
As I am Burgomaister, so loue is my recorder. *Exeunt,*

Enter Elimine aboue on the walles. *Sc. ii*

Now see a morning in an euening rise.
The morning of my loue and of my ioy,
I will not say of beautie, that were pride,
VVith in this tower I would I had a torch,
To light like hero my leander heather,
VVho shall be my leander let me see, 360

Reherse

of *Alexandria*.

Reherſe my fortune.

When you ſee one clad in a veluet gowne

And a blacke patch vpon his eye,

A patch, patch that I am, why that may be a patch of cloth,

Of Buckrome, or a ſuftian cloth, ſay with a veluet patch,

Vpon his eye & ſo my thoughts may patch vp loue the better

See where he comes, the *Count*, what girle a counteſſe,

Enter Count.

See, ſee, he lookes as *Irus* ſaid he ſhould go not away my loue,

Ile meete thee ſtraight.

370

Count. Oh I thanke you I am much beholding to you,

I ſawe her in the tower and now ſhe is come downe,

Lucke to this patch and to this veluet gowne.

Enter Elimine and Bragadino A Spaniard following her.

Count. How now ſhall I be troubled with this rude ſpani-

Bra. One worde ſweet nimph.

(ard now,

Count. How now firra what are you,

Br. I am ſigneor *Braggadino* the Martiall ſpaniardo the aide
of *Ægypt* in her preſent wars, but Ieſu what art thou that haſt
the guts of thy braines gript with ſuch famine of knowledge
not to know me.

380

Count. How now fir Ile trie the prooſe of your guts with
my piſtoll if you be ſo ſaucie fir.

Brag. Oh I know him well it is the rude *Count*, the vnciuill
Count, the vnſtayed *Count*, the bloody *Count*, the *Count* of all
Countes, better I were to hazard the diſſolution of my braue
ſoule agaynſt an hoſt of giantes then with this looſe *Count*, o-
therwiſe I could tickle the *Count*, I fayth my noble *Count*, I doe
deſcend to the crauing of pardon, loue blinded me I knewe
thee not.

390

Count. Oh fir you are but bonaventure not right ſpaniſh I
perceau but doe you heare fir are you in loue.

Brag. Surely the ſodayne glaunce of this lady Nymph hath
ſuppled my ſpaniſh diſpoſition with loue that neuer before
drempt of a womans concautie.

Count. A womans concautie, ſblood whats that,

Brag. Her hollow diſpoſiton which you ſee ſweete nature

B 3.

will

The blinde Begger.

will supplye or otherwise stop vp in her with solid or firme fayth.

Co. Giue me thy hand we ar louers both, shall we haue her 400

Bra. No good sweete *Count* pardon me. (both

Count VVhy then thus it shalbe weele strike vp a drumme, fet vp a tent, call people together, put crownes a peece lets rifle for her.

Brag. Nor that my honest *Count*.

Count. VVhy then thus it shalbe, weele wooe her both and him she likes best shall lead her home thorow streetes holding her by both her handes, with his face towards her, the other shall follow with his backe towards her biting of his thumbes, how sayest thou by this.

410

Brag. It is ridiculous, but I am pleasd for vpon my life I do know this the shame will light on the neck of the *Count*.

Count. VVell to it lets heare thee.

Brag. Sweete Nymph a spaniard is compard to the to the great elixar or golden medicine.

Count. VVhat dost thou come vpon her with medicines dost thou thinke she is fore.

Bra. Nay by thy sweete fauour do not interrupt mee.

Count. VVell fir goe forward.

Brag. I say a spaniard is like the Philosophers stone.

420

Count. And I say an other mans stone may bee as good as a Philosophers at all tymes.

Brag. By thy sweete fauour.

Count. VVell fir goe on.

Brag. Sweet nymph I loue few wordes you know my intent my humor is in sophistical & plaine I am spaniard a borne, my byrth speakes for my nature, my nature for your grace, and should you see a whole Battaile ranged by my skil you would commit your whole selfe to my affection, and so sweet nymph I kisse your hand.

430

Co. To see a whole battaile ha ha ha what a iest is that, thou shalt se a whole battaile come forth presently of me fa fa fa.

Bra. Put vp thy pistol tis a most dangerous humor in thee.

Cou. Oh is that all why see tis vp agayne, now thou shalt see

of Alexandria.

lee Ile come to her in thy humor, sweete lady I loue sweete wordes, but sweete deedes are the noble fowndes of a noble spaniard, noble by countrie, noble by valour, noble by byrth, my very foote is nobler then the head of another man, vpon my life I loue, and vpon my loue I liue, and so sweete Nymph I kisse your hand, why loe heere we are both, I am in this ⁴⁴⁰ hand, and hee is in that handy dandy prickly prandy, which hand will you haue.

Eli. This hand my Lord if I may haue my choyce

Con. Come spaniard to your pennance bite your thumbes.

Brag. Oh bafe woman.

Co. Sblood no bafe woman but bite your thumbes quickly.

Brag. Honor commaundes I must do it.

Count. Come on sweete lady giue me your handes if you are mine, I am yours, if you take me now at the worst I am the more beholding to you, if I bee not good enough, Ile mend ⁴⁵⁰ what would you more.

Eli. It is enough my Lord and I am youre.

Since I wel know my fortune is to haue you
Now must I leaue the pleasant maiden chafe,
In hunting sauage beasts with *Ists* nimphes,
And take me to a life which I God knowes,
Do know no more then how to scale the heauens.

Count. VVell Ile teach you feare not you, what signior not

Bra. Pardon me sir, pardon me. (bite your thumbes,

Count. By Gods blood I will not pardon you therefore ⁴⁶⁰ bite your thumbes.

Bra. By thy sweete let me speake one worde with thee, I do not like this humor in thee in pistoling men in this fort, it is a most dangerous and stigmaticall humor, for by thy fauour tis the most finest thing of the world for a man to haue a most gentlemanlike carriage of himselfe, for otherwife I doe hold thee for the most tall resolute and accomplisht gentleman on the face of the earth, harke yee weele meete at *Corrucus* and weele haue a pipe of Tobacco adew adew.

Co. Do you heare sir, put your thumbes in your mouth with ⁴⁷⁰ out any more adoe, by the heauens Ile shoote thee through the mouth.

The Blinde Begger

Bra. It is bafe and ridiculous.

Count. VVell thou shalt not do it, lend me thy thumbes Ile

Brag. Pardon mee. (bite them for thee

Coun. Swounes and you had I would haue made fuch a wofull parting betwixt your fingers and your thumb that your fpanifh fiftes fhould neuer meete againe, in this world wil you

Bra. I will, I will prefto and I wil follow thee. (do it fir.

Cou. VVhy fo oh that we had a noyfe of mufitions to play 480
to this anticke as we goe, come on fweete lady giue me your handes weele to Church and be married ftraight, beare with my haft now, Ile be flow enough another tyme I warrant you, come fpaniola quefto, quefto, fpaniola quefto. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aegiale, Herald, Euribates, Clearchus *with a picture.* Sc. iii

Ægi. Aduance that picture on this fatall fpring,
And Herald fpeake vttering the kinges edict.

He. *Ptolomie* the moft fared king of *Ægypt* firft of that name, defiring peace and amitie with his neighbour princes hath caufed this picture of *Cleanthes* to be fet vp in all places, 490
propofing great rewardes to him that findes him, and threatening death to him that fucours him.

Ægi. VVhich Gods forbid, and put it in his minde.
Not fo to ftomacke his vniuft exile.

That he conuert the furie of his arme,
Agaynft fofaken *Ægypt* taking part,
VVith thofe foure neighbour kinges that threaten him,
And haue befeiged his moft Imperiall towne.

Clearch. Now may it please your highneffe to leaue your discontented paffions, and take this mornings pride to hunt the 500

Ianthe. We haue attended on our grace thus farre, (Bore.
Out of the Cittie beeing glad to heare,
Your highneffe had abandoned difcontent.
And now will bend your felfe to meriment,

Ægi. So will I louely *Ianthe* come then.
Let vs goe call forth fared *Ifis* Nymphes,
To helpe vs keepe the game in cealeffe vew,
That to the bufie brightneffe of his eyes.
VVe may fo interuent his fhiftes to fcape.

That

Of Alexandria.

That giddie with his turning he may fall,
Slayne with our beauties more then fwordes or dartes. 510

Exit with a fownd of Horns.

Enter Leon with his fworde.

Leon. Now am I *Leon* The rich vfurer and here according
To the kinges commaund and mine owne promife.
I haue brought my fwoord and fix it by the ftatue,
She fet vp, by this am I knowne to be *Cleanthes*,
VVhose fodayne fight I now will take vpon mee,
And caufe the nobles to purfue my shadowe,
As for my fubftance they fhall neuer finde, 520
Till I my felfe, do bring my felfe to light.
Cleanthes, Cleanthes, ftop Cleanthes, fee Cleanthes,
Purfue Cleanthes, follow Cleanthes.

Enter three Lordes with fwordes drawne.

1 *Lo.* where is *Cleanthes*, *Leon* faweft thou him.

Le. I why fhould I els haue thus cried out on him,
I faw him euen now heere did he fix his fworde
And not for dastard feare or cowardize,
For know all *Aegypt* ringes of his renowne.
But fearing for his noble feruice done, 530
To be rewarded with ingratitude, he fled
From hence fearing to be pur fued,

2. *Lord.* Come on my Lordes then lets follow him
And purfue him to the death. *Exeunt.*

Leon. Oh do not hurt him gentle Citizens,
See how they flye from him whom they purfue.
I am *Cleanthes*, and whileft I am heare,
In vayne they follow for to finde him out,
But here comes my loue Bright *Pfamathis*,
VVhom I loue Equally with fayre *Elimine*, 540
See here fhe comes as I apoynted her.

Enter Samathis and her maydes with a banquet.

Iaquine. But I fayth miftris is this for a woer.

Sa. Not for a woer onely my *Iaquine*,

C.

But

The blinde Begger.

But a quicke speeder girle for this is he,
That all my fortune runnes vpon I tell thee,

Ia. O daintie mistris send for some more banquet.

Sa. No my fine wench this and my selfe is well.
And let him not sit downe like the oxe and the asse,
But giue God thanks for we are worthie of it though we faite. 550

Ia. Mistris tis true.

And that he may be good,
I coniure him by these three things a crosse,
Now let him come he shalbe good I warrant ye,

Leon. Nay do not flye me gentle *Samathis*.

Sa. Pardon me fir for if I see a man,
I shall so blush still that I warrant you,
I could make white wine claret with my lookes,

Le. But do not blush and flie an old mans sight.

Sa. From whom if not from old men should I flie 560

Le. From young men rather that can swift pur-
And then it is some credit to out goe them, (sue,
Yet though my yeeres would haue me old I am not,
But haue the gentle Ierke of youth in mee,
As fresh as he that hath a maidens chinne.

Thus can I bend the stiffnes of my limbes,
Thus can I turne and leape and hoyse my gate,
Thus can I lift my loue as light as ayre,
Now say my *Samathis* am I old or young.

Sa. I would haue my loue neyther old nor young 570
But in the middle Iust betweene them both.

Le. Fit am I then for matchlesse *Samathis*.

And will be bould to fit. For batchlers
Must not be shamefast when they meet with maids,
Sweete loue now let me intreate you sit,
And welcome you to your owne banquet heere,

Sa. Euen thus did *Irus* say that he should say,
Then by your leaue fir I will sit with you,

Le. VVelcome as gold into my trefurie, 580
And now will I drinke vnto my loue,
VVith the same mind that drinking first began to one another.

Sa. And

Of Alexandria.

Sa. And what was that I pray fir.

Le. Ile tell my loue the first kind cause of it.
And why tis vsd as kindnesse still amongst vs,
If it be vsd a right tis to this end,
VVhen I doe say I drinke this loue to you,
I meane I drinke this to your proper good,
As if I sayde what health this wine doth worke in mee,
Shalbe imploied for you at your commande & to your proper
And this was first thentent of drinking to you. (vse 590

Sa. Tis very prettie is it not *Jaquine*.

Jaquine. Oh excellent Mistris hees a daintie man.

Leon. Now to your vse sweete loue I drinke this wine,
And with a merrie hart that makes long life,
Ouer the cup Ile sing for my loues sake.

	<i>Health, fortune, mirth, and wine,</i>	
	<i>To thee my loue deuine.</i>	
	<i>I drinke to my darelins,</i>	
	<i>Giue mee thy hand sweeting.</i>	
<i>Song.</i>	<i>VVith cuppe full euer plyed,</i>	600
	<i>And hartes full neuer dried.</i>	
	<i>Mine owne, mine owne dearest sweeting,</i>	
	<i>Oh oh myne owne dearest sweeting.</i>	

VVhat frolicke loue mirth makes the banquet sweete.

Sa. I loue it fir aswell as you loue me.

Leon. That is aswell as I do loue my selfe,
I will not Ioy my treasure but in thee,
And in thy lookes Ile count it euery hower,
And thy white armes shalbe as bandes to me,
Wherein are mightie Lordshippes forfeited, 610
And all the dames of *Alexandria*,
For their attire shall take there light from thee,

Sa. VVel fir I drinke to you & pray you thinke
You are as welcome to me as this wine,

Le. Thankes gentle *Samathis*, but delitious loue,
Hath beene the figge I eate before this wine,

The Blinde Begger

VVhich kills the taste of these delitious cates,
VVill you bestowe that banquet loue on me,

Sa. Nay gentle *Leon* talke no more of loue
If you loue God or a good countenance,
For I shal quite be out of countenance then,

620

Le. Loue deckes the countenance, speriteth
And tunes the soule in sweetest harmony, (the eye,
Loue then sweete *Samathis*.

Sama. VVhat shall I doe *Iaquine*.

Iaquine. Fayth Mistris take him.

Sa. Oh but he hath a great nose.

Ia. Tis no matter for his nose, for he is rich.

Sa. *Leon* I loue and since tis foorth farewell.

Le. Then triumph *Leon* richer in thy loue.

630

Then all the heapes of treasure I possesse,
Neuer was happie *Leon* rich before,
Nor euer was I couetous till now,
That I see gold so fined in thy haire.

Sa. Impart it to my Parentes gentle *Leon*,
And till we meete agayne at home farewell. *Exeunt.*

Le. Soone will I talke with them and follow thee,
So now is my desire accomplished.

Now was there euer man so fortunate.

To haue his loue so sorted to his wish,

The ioyes of many I in one enioy.

Now do I meane to woe them crossely

The one as I am *Leon* the rich vsurer. (both,

The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*.

VVhich if it take effect, and rightly proue,

Twill be a sporte for any emperours loue. *Exit.*

640

Enter Ptolomie, Aegiale, Doricles, Aspatia, Ianthe,
Euphrosine, Clearchus, Euribates, *with sonnd*,

Sc. iv

Pto. Prince of *Arcadia* louely *Doricles*,
Be not discouraged that my daughter heere,
Like a well fortified and loftie tower,
Is so repulsiue and vnapt to yeelde,

650

The

of *Alexandria*.

The royall siege of your heroycke partes,
In her acheeuement will be more renound,
And with the greater merite is imployde.
The bewtious queene my wifeher mother here
VVas so well mand and yet had neuer man,
So mayne a rocke of chaste and cold disdayne.

Aegi. My Lord what meane ye, go *Aspasia*,
Send for some *Ladeis* to goe play with you,
At cheffe, at *Billiardes*, and at other game,
Ianthe attend her.

660

You take a course my Lord to make her coy,
To vrge so much the loue of *Doricles*,
And frame a vertue of her wanton hate,
VVe must perswade her that he loues her not,
But that his seruices and vows of loue,
Are but the gentle complimentes of court,
So would shee thinke that if she would haue loud,
Shee might haue wonne him.

670

And with that conceite of hardnesse to be wonne,
His merites grace will shine more clearely,
In her turning eyes,
Things hard to win with ease makes loue incited,
And fauours wonne with ease are hardly quited,
Then make as If you loud her not my Lord.

Do. Loue that hath built his temple on my browes,
Out of his Battlementes into my hart,
And seeing me to burne in my desire,
VVill be I hope appeased at the last.

680

Aegi. Be rul'd by me yet, and I warrant you,
She quickly shall beleue you loue her not,

Do. VVhat shall I doe Madam.

Aegi. Looke not on her so much.

Do. I cannot chuse my neck standes neuer right,
Till it be turnd affide and I behold her.

Aegi. Now trust me such a wrie neckt loue was neuer fene,
But come with me my Lord and Ile instruct you better

Pto. So maddam I leaue you now from our loue sportes,

C 3.

To

The blinde Begger.

To *Antistenes* and his great sute with *Leon*,
Enter *Antistenes* *Leon* and *Burgomaister*.
See the *Burgomaister* *Antistenes* and *Leon*.
Comes together stay maister *Burgomaister*.
VVhat reason made you vse your office on the
Lord *Antistenes* seazing on al his moueables,
And goodes at the sute of *Leon*.

690

Pe. I will tell your grace the reason of it or any
Thing els for I know you are a wise prince,
And apt to learne.

Pto. I thanke you for your good opinion sir,
But the reason of your office done vpon this noble man
And his landes.

700

Pe. The reason why I haue put in office or execution,
My authoritie vpon this nobleman consisteth,
in three principall poyntes or members,
VVhich indeede are three goodly matters.

Ptolo. I pray you lets heare them.

Pe. The first is the credit of this honest man because he is

Pto. VVhy is he honest because he is rich. (rich.

Pe. Oh I learne that in any case, the next is the forfeite of his
affurance and the last I will not trouble your grace with all.

An. But this it is whereof I most complaine vnto your grace,
That hauing occasion in your graces seruice,
To borrow money of this *Leon* heere,
For which I morgagd al my landes and goods
He onely did agree that paying him foure
thousand pound at the day I should receiue
safely, in which now not onely falsely he denies. (my statute
But that he hath receiued one penny due,
VVhich this my friend can wittnes I repayde,
Vpon the stone of *Irus* the blinde man,
Foure thousand pound in Iewels and in golde,
And therefore craue I iustice in this case,

720

Le. Vouchsafe dread soueraigne an vnpartiall
To that I haue to say for my replye, (eare.
He pleades the payment of foure thousand pounce,

Vpon

of *Alexandria*.

Vpon the stone before blinde *Irus* caue,
To which I answere and do sweare by heauen,
He spake with me at the foresayde place,
And promist payment of foure thousand pound. 730
If I would let him haue his statutes in,
And take other assurance for another thousand,
Some three monthes to come or thereabouts.
VVhich I refusing he repayde me none,
But parted in a rage and card not for me.

Gen. Oh monstrous who euer hard the like,
My Lord I will be sworne he payde him,
On poore *Irus* stone foure thousand pound,
VVhich I did helpe to tender and hast thou
A hellish conscience and such a brazen forehead, 740
To denye it agaynst my wittnesse,
And his noble worde.

Le. Sir agaynst your witnesse and his noble worde,
I plead myne owne and one as good as his,
That then was present at our whole conference.

An. My Lord there was not any but our selues,
But who was it that thou affirmst was there,

Le. *Count Hermes* good my Lord a man
VVell knowne though he be humorous to be honorable,

Pto. And will he saie it. 750

Le. He will my gracious Lord I am well affurd,
And him will I send hether presently,
Intreating your gracious fauour if the impediment,
Of a late sickenesse cause me not returne,
For I am passing ill.

Pto. Well send him hether and it shall suffice.

Le. I will my gracious Lord and stand
To any censure passing willingly
Your highnesse shall set downe or commaund,
VVorshipfull maister *Burgomaster* your officer, 760
To see performd betwixt vs. *Exit.*

Pe. VVe Thanke you hartely, alas poore foule,
How sicke he is.

The Blinde Begger

Truly I cannot chuse but pittie him,
In that he loues your gracious officers,

Enter Coont.

Pto. Oh I thanke you fir.

Count. King by your leaue, and yet I neede not aske leaue,
Because I am sent for if not Ile begone agayne.
without leaue, say am I sent for yea or no, 770

Pto. You are to witnesse twixt *Antistenes* and welthy *Leon*.

Count. I know the matter and I come from that old miser
Leon, who is sodainely fallen sicke of a knaues euill,
Which of you are troubled with that diseafe maisters.

Pto. VVel say what you know of the matter, betwixt them.

Count. Then thus I say my Lord, *Antistenes* came,
To the stone of the blinde foole *Irus*,
That day when foure thousand pounds were to be payde,
VWhere he made proffer of so much mony if *Leon* would re-
turne the morgage of his lands, and take assurance for another 780
thousand to be paide I trow some three monthes to come or
there about, which *Leon* like an olde churle as hee was most
vncourteously refused: my Lord *Antistenes* as he might very
well departed in a rage but if it had beene to me I would haue
pistoled him I fayth.

An. But you are wonderously deceiued my Lord.
And was not by when he and we did talke.

Count. Swounes then I say you are deceiued my Lord,
For I was by now by my honor and by all the gods.

Eu. Then you stoode close my Lord vnseene to any, 790

Count. VVhy I stood close to you and seene of all, and if
You thinke I am too mad a fellow to witnes such a waightie
peece of worke the holy begger shall performe as much,
For he was by at our whole conference.

Pto. But say *Count Hermes* was the begger by.

Count. I say he was and he shall say he was.

Euri. But he is now they say lockt in his caue,
Fasting and praying talking with the Gods,
And hath an Iron doore twixt him and you,
How will you then come at him,

800

Count

Of Alexandria.

Count. Ile fetch him from his caue in spight of all his Gods
and Iron dores, or beate him blinde when as I doe catch him
next, farwell my Lordes you haue done with mee, Ile fend the
begger presently for I am now ryding to *Corrucus*. *Exit.*

Pto. I know not what to thinke in these affaires
I cannot well condemne you my Lord,
And your sufficient witnesse beeing a gentleman,
Nor yet the other two, both men of credit,
Though in his kinde this *Count* be humorous,
But stay we shall here straight what *Irus* wil depose, 810
Enter Irus.

Irus Oh who disturbes me in my holy prayers,
Oh that the king were by that he might heere,
VVhat thundring there is at my farther doore,
Oh how the good of *Aegypt* is disturbd in my deuotion.

Pto. I am here *Irus* and it was *Count Hermes*.
That was so rude to Interrupt thy prayers,
But I suppose the end of thy repayre,
Beeing so waightie could not haue displeasd,
For on thy witnesse doth depend the liuing 820
Of Lord *Antistenes*, who doth affirme,
That three dayes past he tendered at thy stone,
Foure thousand poundes to *Leon*, and desired
His morgage quited which he promising
On such assurance, more as he proposed,
Receiued at that tyme his foure thousand poundes.

Irus. I then was in the hearing of them both.
Bnt hard noe penny tendred, onely proposed
By Lord *Antistenes*, if he would bring him in,
His morgage and take assurance for another thousand 830
Some three monthes to come or there aboutes,
VVhich *Leon* most vncourteously refused,
My Lord was angrie and I hard no more,
And thus must I craue pardon of your grace. *Exit*

Pto. Farewell graue *Irus*.

An. Gods are become oppressors of the right.

Euge. Neuer had right so violent a wrong.

D.

For

The blinde Begger.

For let the thunder strike me into hell.
If what I haue reported be not true,

Pto. This holy man no doubt speakes what he
And I am fory for *Antisthenes*. (hard

840

But Ile releue your lowe estate my Lord,
And for your seruice done me gwerdon you,
Maister *Burgomaiſter* let the Lord haue libertie,
And I will anſwere *Leon* what is due. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elimime, Martia, Samathis.

Sc. v

Eli. Soft Miſtris *Burgomaiſter*, pray you ſtay, your hart is
greater then your parſon farre or your ſtate eyther, doe we not
know ye trow, what woman you are but a *Burgomaiſters* wife,
And he no wiſer then his neighbours neyther,
Giue me the place acording to my calling.

850

Mar. VVhat ſkill for places, do we not all call ſiſters,

Eli. Noe by my fayth I am a counteſſe now,
I ſhould haue one to goe before me bare,
And ſay ſtand by there to the beſt of them,
And one to come behinde and beare my trayne,
Becaufe my handes muſt not be put vnto it
My huſbaud is a Lord and paſt a Lord,

Sa. And paſt a Lord what is that paſt I pray,

Eli. VVhy hees a what you calt.

860

Mar. A what you call it can you not name it.

Eli. I thinke I muſt not name it.

Sa. And why ſo I pray.

Eli. becauſe it comes ſo neare a thing that I knowe,

Mar. Oh he is a Count that is an Earle.

Sa. And yet he is not knowne to haue much land.

Eli. VVhy therefore he is an vnknowne man.

Mar. I but my huſband is the kings officer.

Sa. I but my huſband is able to buy both yours,

Eli. You ſay huſband, I may ſaie my Lord.

870

Mar. And me thinkes huſband is worth ten of Lord.

Eli. Indeede I loue my Lord to call mee wiſe,
Better then Maddam yet doe I not meane,
To loſe my Ladies, titles at your handes,

Of Alexandria.

I may for courtesie and to be termd,
A gentle Ladie call you sisters still,
But you must say and please your Ladishippe,
Tis thus and so, and as your honor please,
Yet shall my husband call me wife like youres,
For why made god the husband and the wife, 880
But that those tearmes should please vs more then others
New fashion tearmes I like not for a man,
To call his wife cony, forsooth, and Lambe,
And Porke, and Mutton, he as well may say,

Mar. VVell Madam then and please your Ladishippe,
VVhat gownes and head tyres will your honor weare.

Eli. Twentie are making for me head tyres and gownes,
Head tyres enchaft in order like the starres,
VVhich perfit great and fine cut pretious stones, 890
One hath bright *Ariadnes* Crowne in it,
Euen in the figure it presentes in heauen,
Another hath the fingers of *Diana*,
And *Berenices* euer burning haire,
An other hath the bright *Andromica*,
VVith both her siluer wristes bound to a rocke,
And *Perseus* that did lose her and saue her life,
All set in number and in perfect forme,
Euen like the *Asterismes* fixt in heauen,
And euen as you may see in Moone shine nightes,
The Moone and Starres reflecting on their streames 900
So from my head shall you see starres take beames,

Mar. Oh braue God willing I will haue the like.

Sa. And so will I by Gods grace if I liue. (full well

Eli. Come vp to supper it will become the house wonder-

Mar. Well if my husband will not, let him not loke for one

Sa. Nor mine I fweare. (good looke of me.

Mar. Ile aske my husband when I am with child,
And then I know I shall be sped I sayth.

Eli. But euery pleasure hath a payne they say 910
My husband lies each other nyght abroad,

Sa. and so doth mine which I like but little,

The Blinde Begger

Mar. VVell time I hope and change of companie,
VVill teach vs somewhat to beare out the abfence, *Exit.*

Eli. I know not what to fay,
My husband makes as if each other nyght he had occaſion,
To ride from home at home ſerues not his turne,
To mygood turne it, cupid I beſeech you,

Enter Leon and Drufo following him.

Le. Now will I trie to make my ſelfe the *Count*.
An arrant Cuckold and a wittoll too. 920

Dru. Now may I chance to proue a cunning man,
And tell my miſtris where my maiſter hauntes,

Le. Bright Nimph I come in name of all the worlde,
That now ſuſtaines dead winter in the ſpring,
To haue a graces from thy ſummer darterd,
Thy loue ſweetefoule is all that I deſire,
To make a generall ſommer in this hart,
VVhere winters duple wrath hath tirrannifde.

Eli. How dare you Leon thus ſolicit mee,
VVhere if the *Count* my husband ſhould come now, 930
And ſee you courting you were ſure to die.

Le. Oh but he is ſafe, for at my houſe,
Booted and ſpurd, and in his veluet gowne,
He tooke his horſe and rode vnto *Corrucus*,
And therefore beautious Ladie make not ſtrange,
To take a freind and adde vnto thy Ioyes,
Of happie wedlocke: the end of euery acte,
Is to increaſe contentment and renowne,
Both which my loue: ſhall amplye ioy in you,

Eli. How can renowne enſue an act of ſhame, 940

Le. No acte hath any ſhame within it ſelfe,
But in the knowledge and aſcription.
Of the baſe world from whom ſhall this be kept,
As in a laborinth or a braſen tower.

El. But vertues ſole regard muſt hold me backe.

Le. The vertue of each thing is in the prayſe,
And I will reare thy prayſes to the ſkyes,

Out

of *Alexandria*.

Out of my trefurie chuse the choyse of gold,
Till thou finde some matching thy hayre in brightnesse,
But that will neuer, be so chuse thou euer. 950
Out of my Jewelrye chuse thy choyse of Diamondes,
Till thou finde some as bright some as thyne eyes,
But that will neuer be, so chuse thou euer,
Chuse Rubies out vntill thou match thy lippes,
Pearle till thy teeth, and Iuorie till thy skinne,
Be matcht in whitnesse but that wil neuer bee.
Nor neuer shall my trefurie haue end,
Till on there beauties Ladies loth to spend,
But that will neuer be so chuse thou euer.

Eli. Now what a gods name would this vayne man haue, 960
Do you not shame to tempt a woman thus,
I know not what to faye nor what to doe,
He would haue me doe that I feare I should not,
Some thing it is he seekes that he thinkes good,
And me thinkes he should be more wise then I,
I am a foolish girle though I be married
And know not what to doe, the Gods doe know.

Leon. Are you content sweete loue to graunt me loue,

Eli. and what then sir.

Le. To grant me lodging in your house this night, 970

Eli. I thinke the man be wearie of his life,

Know you the *Count* my husband.

Le. Marueilous well and am affurd of him,

Eli. Faith that you are as sure as I my selfe,

So you did talke of gold and Diamonds,

Leon. I and gold and Diamondes shal my sweet loue haue,

Eli. VVell Ile not bid you sir but if you come,

At your owne perill for Ile wash my handes. *Offer to goe out.*

Leon. A plague of all fanguine simpliciti (ted you.

Eli. But do you heare sir pray you do not thinke that I gran- 980

Le. No I warrant you, Ile haue no such thought. (in any case
Oh this is olde excellent.

Now who can desire better sporte.

This nyght my other wife must lie alone,

The blinde Begger.

And next night this wife must doe the like.
Now will I woe the other as the *Count*.
VVhich if she graunt and they do breake their troth,
Ile make my felfe a cuckolde twixt them both. *Exit.*

Drufo. Ile follow him vntill he take the earth, and then ile
leauē him. *Exit.*

990

Enter Samathis alone.

Sa. Now if my husband be not all alone,
He is from home and hath left me alone,
So I must learne to lie, as children goe,
All alone, all alone, which lesson now. (child
I am able to beare a childe is worffe to me then when I was a
The morall this strength without a health a disaduantage is.

Enter Drufo.

Mistris what will you say if I can tel you where my maister is,

Sa. VVhere *Drufo* I pray thee.

1000

Dru. Euen close with the young countesse I fayth.

Sa. Out on her strumpet doth she bragge so much,
Of her great *Count*, and glad to take my husband
Hence comes her head tyres and her fayre gownes,
Her trayne borne vp and a man bare before her,
VVas this my fortune that should be so good,
I fayth you begger you, you old false knaue,
You holy villaine you propheticke asse,
Know you noe better what shall come to passe,
Ile be reuenged I fayth, I fayth Ile be reuenged. *Exit.*

1010

Enter Aegiale wiuh the garde

Sc. vi

Aegi. Oh *Irus* shall thy long approued skill,
Fayle in my fortunes onely, when shall I meete,
VVith my *Cleanthes* what a worlde of tyme,
Is it for me to lie as in a founde,
VVithout my life *Cleanthes*, can it be,
That I shall euer entertayne agayne,
Hauing the habit of colde death in me,
My life *Cleanthes*.

Count

of Alexandria.

Count *knocke within*

1020

Let me come in you knaues, I say let me come in,

1. *Gard.* Sir, we are set to gard this place as our liues and None without a warrant from the King or the Queene must enter heere. (in I say,

Cou. Swoundes tell not me of your warrantes, let me come

1. *Ga.* My Lord we are commaunded to keepe out all comers, because of the branch wherein the kings life remaynes,

Co. Let me come in you knaues, how dare you keepe me out, twas my gowne to a mantle of rugge, I had not put you all to the pistoll.

1030

Aegi. Shall we be troubled now with this rude *Count*

Cou. How now Queene what art thou doing, passioning ouer the picture of *Cleanthes* I am sure for I know thou louest

Aegi. VVhats that you traytor. (him,

Count. No traytor neyther bnt a true freind to you, for had I bene otherwise I should haue disclosed the secreet talke thou hadst with *Cleanthes* in the arbour, the night before he was banished, whilest I stooode close and hard all.

Ae. The man is mad chaines and a whippe for him.

Cou. Be patient my wench and Ile tell thee the very words, 1040
oh my *Cleanthes*, loue me, pittie me, hate me not for loue, and it is not lust hath made me thus importunate, for then there are men enough besides *Cleanthes*, go to tel me were not these your woords, & I like no traytor to you but a trustie freend now by this pistol which is Gods angell I neuer vttered them till now

Aegi. I spake them not but had you beene so bad,
As some men are you might haue saide as much,
By fictions onely therefore I must needes,
Thinke much the better of you to conceale it,

Count. Oh your a cunning wench and am not I a mad slaue 1050
to haue such vertue as secrefie in me and none neuer lookt for any such thing at my handes, and heres a branch forsooth of your little sonne turnd to a Mandracke tree, by Hella the forceresse.

Aegiale. Tis true and kils me to remember it.

The Blinde Begger

Cou. Tut tut remember it and be wife thou wouldst haue
Cleantes, come agayne wouldst thou not,

Ac. The king is so aduised to giue him death.

Count. The King, come come tis you rule the King now
would any wise woman in the worlde be so hungerstarued for 1060
a man and not vse the meanes to haue him, thinkst thou *Cleantes*
will come agayne to haue his head chopt of so soone as he
comes, but had you pluckt vp this branch wherein the King
thy husbandes life consistes and burnt it in the fyre, his olde
beard would haue stunckefort in the graue ere this, and then
thou shouldst haue seene whether *Cleantes* would haue come
vnto thee or noe.

Aegi. Oh excreable counsaile.

Count. Go to tis good counsaile, take the grace of God be-
fore your eyes, and follow it to it wench corragio, I know I 1070
haue gotten thee with childe of a desire, and thou longst but
for a knife to let it out, hold there tis serue God and be thank-
full, now you knaues will you let mee come out trow.

1. *Gard.* Please your Lordshippe to bestow something on
vs for we are poore knaues.

Count. Harke you be euen knaues still, and if you be poore
long your foolish knaues, and so Ile leaue you.

2. *Gard.* Nay fwounes my Lord no knaues neyther.

Cou. Then he was a knane that told me so, what doost thou
tell mee that.

Exit.

1080

Ac. This serpentes counsell stinges mee to the hart.
Mountes to my braine and bindes my prince of sence.
My voluntarie motion and my life,
Sitting it selfe triumphing in there thrones,
And that doth force my hand to take this knife,
That bowes my knees and sets me by thy branch,
Oh my diones oh my onely sonne,
Canst thou now feele the rigour of a knife,
Noe thou art senslesse and Ile cut thee vp,
Ile shroude thee in my bosome safe from stormes,
And trust no more my trustlesse gard with thee,
Come then returne vnto thy mothers armes, and when I
pull

1090

Of Alexandria.

pull thee forth to serue the fire, turne thy selfe wholly into
a burning tounge, in voking furies and infernall death, to
coole thy tormentes with thy fathers breth.

Enter Elimine and Samathis.

Sc. vii

Sa. Now madam countesse do you make account.
To take vp husbandes by your countshippe.
Haue you the broade seale for it, are you so hye, and stoope,
To one so lowe as is my husband, 1100
Hence come your headtyres and your costly gownes,
Your trayne borne vp and a man bare before you,
Now fye on pride when woman goe thous naked.
I euer thought that pride would haue a fall
But little thought it would haue such a fall.

Eli. VVhat fall I pray you.

Sa. There you lay last, forsooth there you lay last.

Eli. Be not so angry woman you are deceiued

Sa. I know I am deceiued for thou deceiuedst me,
Thou mightest aswell haue pict my purisse I tell thee, 1110
Oh would my mother say, when you haue a husband,
Keepe to him onely but now one may see,
How horrible a thing it is to change,
Because it angers one so horribly,
You must haue Vshers to make way before you,

Eli. The dame is madde, Ile stay no longer with her.

Exit Elimine.

Sa. VVell madam shorte heeles Ile be euen withyou,
See where the mad brayne *Count* her husband comes,

Enter Count.

1120

Sama. I will begone.

Count. Heare you Vfurers wife stay, a plague on you stay,
whither go you so fast, why did I euer hurt any of your sex yet.

Sa. VVhy no my Lord.

Count. VVhy no my Lorde, why the deuill do you turne
taylor when you should not, when you should you will not be
halfe so hastie, a man must loue you, woe you, spend vpon you
and the deuill of one of you is worthy to kisse the hemme of

E.

my

The blinde Begger.

my riding gowne heere.

Sa. Is this your riding gowne my Lord. 1130

Count. Tis no matter what it is, talke not to me, what the deuill did I meane to call thee backe agayne,

Sa. VVhy my Lord I meane not to trouble you,

Count. Goe to stay I say, tis agaynst my will that I vse you so kindly I can tell you.

Sa. Why you may chuse my Lord.

Count. I but I cannot chuse, there you lie now, tis loue footh that Intailes me to you, for if it had not beene for loue, I had not beene heere now, for the Gods do know I hold thee dearer then the Poungranet of mine eye, and thats better by 1140 three pence then the aple of mine eye.

Sa. My Lord I am fory for your heauineffe.

Count. Nay tis no matter I am not the first asse that hath borne Cupides trefurie.

Sa. My Lord tis enough to make an asse wise to beare trefure.

Count. VVhy then be you that wise asse, and beare me for I haue some treasure about me, will you loue me.

Sa. Loue you my Lord it is strange you wil aske it.

Count. I am not the first hath desired you, 1150

Sa. Nor you shall not be the last I will refuse.

Count. Nor are you the fayrest I haue seene,

Sa. Nor the foulest you haue loud.

Count. Nor the fittest to be beloued.

Sa. Nor the vnfittest to hate.

Count. Doe and you dare but firra and thou wilt not loue, I pray thee be proud.

Sa. VVhy so my Lord.

Count. Because I would haue thee fall, for pride must haue a

Sa. Do you delight in my fall so much. (fall. 1160

Count. As much as in mine owne ryfing I sayth, but do not you thinke it strange that I doe loue you, for before I did loue you, *Cupid* pinckt me a spanish lether Ierkin with shooting at me, and made it so full of holes that I was fayne to leaue it of, and this losse haue I had for your sake.

Sa.

Of Alexandria.

Sa. My Lord Ile bestowe an old Ierkin on you,

Count. Nay that shall not ferue your turne, for I haue had a greater losse then that, I lost my left eye for your sake.

Sa. I do not thinke so.

Count. I but Ile tell you how as I was hunting in the parke, 1170
I saw Cupid shooting a cockhye into your face, and gazing after his arrow it fell into mine eye.

Sa. A prettie fiction.

Count. I but I finde this no fiction, and you shall make me amends with loue or by this patch of mine eye, and the patch thou woteſt where I will sweare to all the Cirtie I haue layne with thee.

Sa. I hope your Lordshippe will not doe me that wrong.

Count. Then do you me right and let me lie with you, I haue made the botle nosd knaue your husband so drunke that 1180
he is not able to stand goe get you home Ile follow you.

Sa. VVhy my Lord what will you do there.

Count. Goe to make no more questions but say I shall bee welcome or by mine honor Ile doe as I say, otherwife be as secret as death.

Sa. Twentie to one he will, well my Lord if you come you come.

Count. Oh I thanke you hartely, oh excellent or neuer trust mee.

Enter Menippus and Elimine.

1190

Me. Madam your honor is come somewhat to soone.

Eli. VVhy so *Menippus*.

Me. Had you stayd neuer so little longer you should haue met my Lord comming out of *Leons* honse and out of

Eli. How out of his moueables. (his moueables,

Me. Euen in playnetroth, I see him woe her, winne her, and went in with her.

Eli. Now of mine honor I will be reuenged fetch me the Burgomaister *Menippus* Ile haue them both whipt about the

Me. Nay madam you must not dishonor him so, (towne. 1200

Eli. VVhat shall mine honor doe then.

The Blinde Begger

Me. Do but tongue whip him madam and care not,
And so I leaue him to the mercie of your tongue,

Eli. My tongue shall haue hell and no mercie in it

Enter the Count.

Excellent musicke excellent musicke.

El. And the Deuill take the Instrument,

Count. VVhat art thou so nye.

Eli. I and it were a good deede to be a little nier too, you make a *Count* asse of me indeede, as if I were too little for you, 1210
but bignesse is my fault vnlesse I were a little better vsd at your handes.

Cou. VVhy thou wilt be to perfit if I should vse thee much for vse makes perfitnesse.

Eli. I but I cannot be too perfit and therefore Ile spoyle her perfections that helpes to spoyle mine I warrant her.

Cou. VVhy may not I lie with her aswell as thou layest with her husband.

Eli. I defie you and all the world that can say blacke is mine eye. 1220

Count. I thinke so indeede, for thine eye is gray, but thou didst lye with him by that same token he gaue thee a carknet, and thou toldst me that thy mother sent it thee, thou didst promise to banquet him when I was next abroad, thou didst say he could not be so old as he made himselfe to be, thou didst say twas pittie of his nose, for he would haue bene a fine man els, and that God did well to make him a rich man, for a was a good man too, and these tokens I thinke are sufficient, for these a told me with his owne mouth.

Eli. He lyed like an old knaue as he was and that he shall 1230
knowe the next time these lippes open in fayth, oh wicked periurd man would a disclose my secretes I fayth what woman would trust any man a liue with her honestie. *Exit.*

Count. Ha ha ha, I haue sent her in a pelting chafe,
But Ile follow her and make her madde with anger.

Enter

of Alexandria.

*Enter Porus king of Aethiopia, Refus king of Arabia, Bion king Sc. viii
of Phasiaca, Bebritius king of Bebritia, with
soldiers and drumme and ensigue.*

Porus. Thus haue we trode the fandy vales of *Ægypt*,
Adioyning to the plaines of *Alexandria*, 1240
VVhere proud king *Ptolemy* keepes his residence,
Securely trusting to his prophesies,
VVhich hath foretold him many yeares agoe,
That if the young *Archadian Doricles*,
Should linke in marriage with his louely daughter.
He then should conquere all our bordering landes,
And make vs subiect to his tirrannie.

Rhe. Trusting to his fond fantasticke dreames,
He hath exild the warlicke Duke *Cleanthes*.
VVhose name was terror to our valiant troopes. 1250

Bion. *Cleanthes* exild giues vs easy way,
To our attemptes where had he stayed,
Aud beene afreind to him, yet should he not
Escape subiection.

Be. VVe will deuide his kingdome twixt vs foure,
And reauue from him his foure cheife ornamentes,
And for to greeue his aged mind the more,
He shall be kept in lasting seruitude.
So to fulfill what fates to him assignde,

Po. Come let vs march and braue him at the walles, 1260
If *Porus* liue to weild his martiall sworde,
His Citty walles shall not preferue him safe,
But he shall dye by *Porus* and his freindes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doricles and Aspasia. Sc. ix

Do. Sweet madam grant me once a chearful looke
To glad my dying hart with forow kild,
Your father hath resignd his free consent.
You bound by dutie to obey his will,

Asf. Nay rather let him hayle me to my death
Then gaynst my will constraime me match my selfe. 1270

The blinde Begger.

Enter Count.

Count Dye thou vile wretch and liue *Aspatia*,
Euen now I hard thy father *Ptolomy*
VVith wordes that still do tingle in mine eares,
Pronounce him heyre to *Alexandria*,
Tis time for me to stirre when such young boyes,
Shal haue their weake neckes ouer poisd with crownes
VVhich must become resolued champions,
That for a crownes exchange will sel their soules, *He kilshim.*

Aspa. Wicked *Count Hermes* for this monstrous deede, 1280
Ægypt will hate thee. and thou sure must dye,
Then hye thee to the hils beyond the *Alpes*,
Flye to vnknowne and vnfrequented climes,
Some desert place that neuer sawe the sunne,
For if the king or any of his friendes,
Shall finde *Count Hermes* thou art surely dead.

Count. Ile flye no more then doth a fetled rocke,
No more then mountaines or the steadfast powles,
But come sweete loue if thou wilt come with me,
We two will liue amongst the shadowy groues, 1290
And we will sit like shepherdes on a hill,
And with our heauenly voyces tice the trees,
To eccho sweetely to our cœlestiall tunes.
Els will I angle in the running brookes,
Seasoning our toyles with kisses on the bankes,
Sometime Ile diue into the murmerrng springes,
And fetch thee stones to hang about thy necke,
VVhich by thy splendor will be turnd to pearle,
Say fayre *Aspasia* wilt thou walke with me.

As. No bloody *Count* but I will cleare my selfe, 1300
And tell thy murders to the amased court. (girle

Count. Nay if thou wilt not chuse you peeuish
Thou canst not say but thou wert offered fayre,
But here must end *Count Hermes* strange disguise,
My veluet gowne my pistoll and this patch,
No more must hide me in the countes attire,

Now

of Alexandria.

Now will I turne my gowne to Vfurers Cotes,
And thus appeare vnto the worlde no more,
Farewell *Aspasia*. *Exit* Count.

As. Goe wretched villayne hide thy hated head,
VVhere neuer heauens light may shine on thee,
VVhose there, Come forth for here is murder done,
Murder, Murder of good prince *Doricles*. 1310

Enter Euribates.

VVho cals out murther Lady was it you.
As. As I was walking in the pleafant weedes,
VVith *Doricles* the young *Arcadian* prince,
rusht in *Count Hermes* and in desperate wordes,
Hath flayne this prince.

Eu. A balefull deede pursue the murderer,
And tell the King of this foule accident. 1320

Enter Ptolomy.

Pto. Oh tell no more in stead of teares,
My beating hart dissolues in droppes of blood,
And from mine eyes that stares vpon this corse.
Leapes out my foule and on it I will die,
Oh *Doricles* oh deare *Arcadian* prince,
The bulwarke and supporter of my life,
That by decree of fates was promised,
To adde foure neighbour kingdomes to my crowne, 1330
And shield me from a most abhorred death,
Now shall my kingdome leaue me with my life,
And sodainly looke for some monstrous fate,
Shall fall like thunder on my wretched state.

Enter a messenger.

Arme arme my Lord, my Lords to instant armes,
Foure mightie kinges are landed in thy coast,
And threaten death and ruine to thy land,
Blacke *Porus* the *Æthiopian* king,
Comes marching first with twentie thousand men, 1340
Next *Rhesus* king of sweete *Arabia*,

The Blinde Begger

In warlike manner marcheth after him,
In equall number and in battaile ray.
Next *Bion* king of rich *Phasiaca*,
And sterne *Bebritius* of *Bebritia*,
VVith each of them ful twentie thousand strong
All which hath vowd the death, of *Ptolomy*, and thus they he-
ther bend their speedie feete.

Pto. How sodaynely is weather ouer cast,
How is the face of peacefull *Ægypt* changd,
Like as the smiling flowers aboue the ground,
By keenest edge of *Euras* breath is cut. 1350

Cl. To armes my Lord and gather vpyour strength,
Your bandes in *Memphis* and in *Caspia*,
Ioynd with your power of *Alexandria*,
VVill double all the forces of these kinges,

Pto. All shalbe done we may meane while,
Bury the body of this slaughtered prince,
Least with the view my senses follow his,
Curst be his hand that wrought the damned deede, 1360
Cold and vncouered may his body lye,
Let stormie hayle and thunder beate on him
And every bird and beast runne ouer him,
That robd poore *Ptolomy* of such a hope,
Pursue the desperate *Count* that murdered him,
A thousand kingdomes shall not saue his life

Enter Leon.

A miracle a miracle, a dreadfull miracle.

Pto. VVhat miracle, oh what will heauens do more,
To punish *Ægypt* and her haplesse king, 1370

Leon. As I was walking through the *Serian* groues
I sawe the desperate *Count* the murderer,
Of good prince *Doricles* as I heare say,
Fly through the desarts to the mimphick shades
VVhere hell to interrupt his passage thether,
Rauing beneath the ground worke of the earth
As if ten thousand vapours burst in her,
Seuered her wombe and swallowed quicke,

The

Of Alexandria.

The miserable *Count.*

Pto. Iust are the heauens in his most dreadfull end, 1380
But come my Lords let vs to instant armes,
To driue away more mischeiefes from our land. *Exeunt.*

Leon. So get you gone and perish all with him,
Now shall you know what want you haue of mee,
Now will I gather vp my sommes of money,
And of my creditors borow what I can,
Because as *Leon* Ile be seene no more,
This day they promis'd for to meete me heere,
And here comes some of them.

Enter first Messenger.

1390

My mayster fir your friend *Calatius*,
Hath sent you fir your fife hundreth crownes for the rich
Iewell that he bought of you.
I thanke him hartely, this Iewell of so many thousand crownes
The Queene of *Ægypt* did bestowe on mee, when that I told
her in poore *Ærus* shape where her *Cleantes* was, but soft who
haue we here.

Enter second Messenger.

Drufo the *Italian* Marchant here by mee,
Hath sent you fir in Diamonds and in Pearles, 1400
So much as mounteth to fife thousand crownes,
And craues no more assurance but your woord,

Leon. Theres my bill and thanke thy maister he shall haue
more then woord. *Exeunt. Manet Leon.*

Neuer shall he nor they see this agayne,
Nor me neyther as I am this present man,
This with the rest I haue wil make a prettie somme
VVith this will I imploye me in these warres,
Now will I take on me the forme and shape,
Of Duke *Cleantes*, but what intendes this alarum. 1410

Alarum. *Enter Clearchus.*

VVhere may I seeke to finde *Cleantes* out,
That martiall prince whom *Ptolomy* vnkinde,
Hath banished from out the *Ægyptian* Land,
Our warlike troopes are scatered and ouer throne,

F.

And

The blinde Begger.

And his deare freindes *Acates* and *Acanthes*,
Lie in the field besmired in their bloodes,
Ile run through al these groues to find him out. *Exit*

Le. My sweete *Acates* and *Acanthes* slayne,
Greife to my hart and sorrow to my foule,
Then rouse thy selfe *Cleanthes* and reuenge,
Their guiltlesse blood on these base miscreantes
Oh let the cankred trumpet of the deepe,
Be ratled out and ring into their eares,
The dire reuenge *Cleanthes* will inflict,
One these foure Kings and all there complices,
A larum Excurfions,

1420

Enter *Cleanthes* leading *Porus*, *Rhesus*, *Bion*, *Bebritius*, *Sc. x*
Pego, *Clearchus* *Euribatus*.

Clean. Thus haue you stroue in vayne agaynst those Gods, 1430
That rescues *Aegypt* in *Cleanthes* armes,
Come yeeld your crownes and homages to mee,
Though *Ptolomie* is dead yet I suruiue,
Elect and chosén by the peares to scourge,
The vile presumption of your hated liues,
Then yeeld as vanquisht vnto *Aegypts* king.

Po. First by thy valoure and the strength of armes,
Porus the welthie *Aethiopian* king,
Doth yeeld his crowne and homage vnto thee,
Swearing by all my Gods whom I adore,
To honor Duke *Cleanthes* whilst he liue,
And in his ayde with twentie thousand men,
VVill alwayes march gaynst whom thou meanst to fyght.

1440

Bi. *Bion* whose necke was neuer forct to bow
Doth yeeld him captiue to thy warlike fworde,
Command what so thou list, we will performe,
And all my power shall march at thy commaund.

Rhe. *Rhesus* doth yeeld his crowne and dignitie,
To great *Cleanthes* *Aegyptes* onely strength,
For if *Cleanthes* liues, who euer liued,
More likelier to be monarke of the world,

1450

Then

Of Alexandria.

Then here accept my vowd allegiance,
VVhich as the rest I render vnto thee.

Bebri. So sayth *Bebritius* of *Bebritia*.
And layes his crowne and homage at thy feete,

Clean. Hold take your crownes agayne and kepe your othes
So shal you liue as free as here to fore, (and fealties to mee,
And neare hereafter stoupe to conquest more.

Enter Elimine and Samathis with childe,

Pego. Here comes the two widowes of the begger and the 1460
king, little know they that both their husbandes are turnd in-
to one king, there would be olde striuing who should bee
Queene I sayth.

Eli. Pittie dread foueraigne.

Sa. Pittie gracious Lord.

Clean. VVhat are your futes.

Eli. I the poore countesse and the widdow left.
Of late *Count Hermes* hauing all my goodes,
seazd to our late kings vse for murder done,
Of young prince *Doricles* humbly pray your grace, 1470
I may haue somewhat to mainetayne my state,
And this poore burthen which I goe withall.
The haplesse Infant of a haplesse father.

Sa. And I my Lord humbly intreate your grace.
That where my husband *Leon* is deceast,
And left me much in debt, his creditors
Hauing seafed all I haue into their handes,
And turnd me with this haplesse burthen heere,
Into the streetes your highnesse will descend,
To my reliefe by some conuenient order. 1480

Clean. Poore soules I most extreamely pittie them,
But say is *Leon* deade,

Clean. Men say my Lord he cast his desperate body,
From Thalexandrian tower into the sea.

Cean. VVho saw the fight, or gaue out this reporte,
You maister Burgomaister.

The Blinde Begger

Pe. I did my gracious Lord.

Clean. So I deuifd indeede that he should fay,
That none should neuer looke for *Leon* more
But theſe my widowes here muſt not be left,

1490

vnto the mercie of the needy world,
Nor mine owne Iſſue that they goe withall,
Haue ſuch baſe fortunes and there fire ſo great,
VVidowes in pittie of your widowhood,

And vntymely endes of both your huſbandes,
The ſlaughter of the *Count* your huſband ma-
Shalbe remitted, and your ſelfe enioy, (dam,
The vtmoſt of the liuing he poſſeſt,

So will I pay your huſband *Leons* debt,

And both ſhall liue fitting there wonted ſtates,

1500

Kinges in there mercie come moſt neare the Goddes,

And can no better ſhew it then in ruth,

Of widowes and of children fatherleſſe,

My ſelfe will therefore be to both your birthes,

A carefull father in there bringing vp.

Ambo. The Gods for euer bleſſe your maieſtie,

Cle. But tell me were your huſbandes ſuch bad men,

That euery way they did deſerue ſuch endes,

Eli. Myne was a huſband to my hartes content.

But that he vſd the priuiledge of men.

1510

Clean VVhat priuiledge of men,

Eli. To take ſome other loue beſides his wife

VVhich men think by their cuſtome they may do,

Although their wiues be ſtrictly bound to them.

Clean. VVith whom ſuſpect you he was great withall.

Eli. VVith this poore widow here the worlde ſuppoſeth.

Sa. So thinkes the world my huſband was with you.

Pe. Fayre dames what will you ſay to me,

If I can tell you where your huſbandes bee.

Clean. VVhat can you ſir.

1520

Pe. Nay nothing ſir I did but iealt with you, I feard him
I fayth but Ile be ſecret thats flat.

Clean. VVell maiſter *Burgomaifter* ſee that you reſtore,

The

of Alexandria.

The goodes and landes you ceafd.
Both of the countesse and rich *Leons* wife,
Not pittie of their widowhoodes alone,
But their rare beauties moue me to this good.
Oh Maister *Burgomaister* see heres your wife come to
welcome you home from warres.

Enter Martia with a child.

1530

Oh husband husband will you goe to warre, and leaue me in
this taking.

Pe. This taking why this is a very good taking how say
you is it not and like your Maiestie.

Clean. Tis very wel Maister *Burgomaister*.

Pe. But Shall I intreat one boone of your Maiestie.

Cle. VVhats that Maister *Burgomaister*.

Pe. Mary euen to be god father to my young Burgomai-

Cle. VVithall my hart fir. (fter here.

Mar. Come on sweete husband for my time drawes neare. 1540

Pe. Feare not thou shalt be a ioyfull mother I warrant thee.

Cle. How say you my Lordes is not our Burgomaister a
tall man euery way, did you not marke how manfully he be
haued himselfe in our late Battayle,

Po. We did my Lord and wonder at his courage

Rbe. His merit doth deferue a better place.

Then to be Burgomaister of *Alexandria*.

Cle. Then say my Lordes how shall we deale with him.

Bi. Had he beene widower he might haue wedded with
this countesse heere. 1550

Pe. Oh I haue one of mine owne I thanke you fir, heres one
has the sweete of them I fayth:

Po. My Lord the offer had beene to hye a grace for him
For neare did eye behold a fayrer face.

Be. So sayth mine eye that hath my hart incenst.

Bi. And *Rbefus* me thinkes this exceeds her farre,

Rbe. No question of it as the sonne a starre.

Po. As sodaynely as lightning beautie woundes,

Be. None euer loud but at first fight they loud.

The blinde Begger.

- Po.* Loues dartes are swift as is the lightning fier. 1560
Rbe. See he shootes arrowes burning from her eyes.
Po. VVhy which loues *Rhesus*.
Rbe. This cœlestiall dame.
Po. And which loues *Bion*.
Bi. Euen the very fame.
Po. Then may I freely Ioy the countesse heere.
Be. No *Porus* for *Bebritius* loues her too
Cle. Are they in loue oh Gods would that were true
My louing ioy the fresh desire of kinges.
How now my Lords doth beauty startle you. (beauty, 1570
Po. More then dead stockes would startle at such
Be. In vayne do I resist my passions,
Mightie *Cleanthes* to annex my hart,
In loue to thee aswell as victorie,
Grant this fayre countesse here may be my queene.
Po. No great *Cleanthes* giue her to my hand,
VVhose hart was first the subiect of her graces.
Rbe. Then let the *Arabian* king make this his queene.
Bi. Nay this *Cleanthes* let my loue inioy.
Cle. How fatall are these loues now I perceauē, 1580
Their fortunes that I told as I was *Irus*.
VVill now in force I see be come to passe.
Sa. Oh holy *Irus* blessed be thy tongue,
That like an orator hath told our fortunes.
Eli. He told vs we should soone lose our first loues,
Making our second choise mongst greatest kinges.
Cle. I did indeede, but God knowes knew not how.
Pe. How say you maister brother, am not I secret now,
Cle. Thou art and be so still for not the worlde,
Shall euer know the mad pranks I haue played, 1590
Now stand fayre my Lordes and let these Ladies view you,
Eli. In my eye now the blackest is the fayrest,
For euery woman chooseth white and red,
Come martiall *Porus* thou shalt haue my loue.
Be. Out on thee foolish woman thou hast chose a deuill.
Po. Not yet fir til he haue hornes.

of Alexandria.

Sa. Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and louely youth allures my choyse,
And thee most beautilous *Bion* I affecte.

Rhe. Haplesse is *Rhesus*.

1600

Bebri. Accurst *Bebritius*.

Cle. Haue patience gentle Lodes I will prouide,
Other *Ægyptian* Ladies for your turne,
So will we linke in perfit league of loue,
So shall the victorie you lost to me,
Set double glorie on your conquered heades.
So let vs goe to frolicke in our Court.
Carousing free whole boules of greekish wine,
In honor of the conquest we haue made,
That at our banquet all the Gods may tend,
Plauding our victorie and this happie end. *Excunt.*

1610

FINIS.







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The blind beggar of
Alexandria





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